

RE

Waxsowian
NATIONAL HYMN

Poles, awake! 'tis your day of glory;



Lehman & Duval Lith^{rs}

COMPOSED BY

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Words translated from the Polish & respectfully dedicated to

ROBERT SCOTT & FAMILY

BY

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WARSAW NATIONAL HYMN.

Allegro Marziale.

PIANO FORTE.

Poles, a_wake! 'tis your day of glo — ry; A —

— rise! Oh! a_rise! in your might: Ye will live in deathless sto — ry, Should you

fall, in your country's fight. Where the rainbow in Heav'n is beaming, As he

φ J.C.
manee '83

3

basks in July's brilliant ray, — Your white Eagle's eye is gleaming, As he

Chorus.

calls to the glo — rious fray. : On, true Poles! see: the foe is be —
Chorus.
On, true Poles! see: the foe is be —
Chorus.
On, true Poles! see: the foe is be —
Chorus.
f piu mosso.

— fore us — Sound the charge, and the day is won: With our
— fore us — Sound the charge, and the day is won: With our
— fore us — Sound the charge, and the day is won: With our

sa — cred banner spread o'er us, On for free-dom and Po — land,

sa — cred banner spread o'er us, On for free-dom and Po — land,

sa — cred banner spread o'er us, On for free-dom and Po — land,

on! For free-dom and Po — land, on!

on! For free-dom and Po — land, on!

on! For free-dom and Po — land, on!

r.fz

The fierce Cossack has mounted his legions,
Our young freedom to crush in its birth;
But soon o'er his mountain regions
We'll trample his hopes in the earth.

Barbarian, — your visions of booty,
Tho' ye triumph, will soon be fled;
For the Pole knows a soldier's duty,
And will leave you nought but the dead.

Oh! true Pole &c.

Kosciusko, arise and aid us.
To root from the soil our foe,
Who has promised, deceived, betrayed us,
Steeping Praga in carnage and woe.

Let the blood of the murderer flowing
Enrich each grassy tomb,
Where our flowrets of victory growing
Shall more gaily, more gorgeously bloom.

Oh! true Pole &c

Parent land! thy children returning,
This day would deserve thy smile,
Thy altars with wreaths adorning,
From the Kremlin, the Tyber, the Nile.

Years have pass'd since each exiled brother,
His native land has press'd:
Should he fall there now, o mother!
On thy bosom he'll sweetly rest.

Oh! true Pole &c.

Gallant Pole! to the battle rally,
To humble the tyrant Czar;
And in each heroic sally
Bear the ring in the front of the war:

Let that gift of our Poland's daughters
Be the charm to freeze the foe,
While gemm'd in an hundred slaughters,
Our symbol of triumph' twill glow.

Oh! true Pole &c.

O ye, French! what bloody arena
Did the Pole shun in fighting for you!
Was it Wagram, Marengo or Jena,
Dresden, Leipzig or Waterloo?
When the world had betrayed to enslave you
Did the Pole yield to coward fears!
O brethren, our life blood we gave you
In return you give us but tears.

Oh! true Pole &c.

